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Fictional



story

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Chapter 1 by dragonsofyore

I could see nothing, only hear the rustle of weathered pages. And then all of a sudden I was. My heart raced. The first time a Story-Keeper is called is always a thrill, or so I've been told. As the elders have told me we only appear when someone picks up their first book. One they actually want to read. So when I found myself standing in a musty school library I was very happy. Who had summoned me? I gazed around the small room, tall shelves rose up to the ceilings, with each filled with ancient and new paperbacks.

Chapter 2 by dragonsofyore



Hesitating I took a step towards someone, who was deeply concentrated on their novel. "Excuse me?" They turned. It was a girl, who looked about twelve, with frizzy red hair and freckles that spread across her face when she smiled. Studying her book I happened to catch a glimpse of the main character. She had short brown hair and brilliant blue eyes. The character, was me.

Chapter 3 by Brock Thompson



I think both of us were surprised at this discovery and there was a second of silence between us. I was just about to talk when I

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I was a character in a story, separate from the stories that people read, that we were connected to the readers, not the books. That picture couldn't

have been me, but it was. It was an identical two-dimensional copy of me. It was like looking at a photograph.

What did this mean?

Chapter 4 by Sum1OnSteam



Was I merely a copy of the character, disfigured into three dimensions? Am I bound to the story, just as the pages are bound to the spine of the book? What about when the book is closed? What is to become of me?

Chapter 5 by



I turn away and flee. To where, I have no idea. But I need to get out of here. I don't know why and how, but all I know is that I have to escape.

I glance behind myself several times. I do not understand what I am looking for. My lungs burn, but I cannot stop. I sprint faster until I reach a dark corridor. I slowly walk against the walls, my footsteps echoing with each step.

"Stop!" a little girl's voice squeaks. "Come back! I need your help!"

I freeze, and grab a doorknob. I twist it open, and enter the room. However, instead of a room, I find myself in a strange forest.

"Hello?" I call out. There is no response.

Where am I? How did I end up here? Is my name actually Mia Dove? Or is it another lie from the elders? Thousands of questions race through my mind.

It gradually dawns on me that I am reenacting the story. What story am I in? My thoughts are interrupted by the same voice I heard earlier in the corridor.

I look up and see the girl I saw earlier in the musty school library. Her frizzy red hair is tangled, and she is panting heavily.

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"Please! I need your help!"

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"With what?" I ask, choosing my words carefully.

"There is no time to explain! You must follow me now!" the girl cries.

"No. Tell me first," I demand, shaking my head.

"My sister is in danger!" she explains. "I don't know what's going on, or why you, a character in my novel, is right in front of me, but I need someone's help!"

"I'm a character in your novel, right?" I ask.

She nods her head.

"What is the novel about?" I ponder.

"Well, I'm actually not sure because I just started it," she admits.

"Okay. I'll help you-" I offer.

"Thank you so much!" she cries.

"-under one condition," I say.

"Anything!" she offers.

"After we save your sister, can you lend me that novel you're reading?" I ask. I want to know why the girl, a reader, is involved in her own novel. If she is not a Story-Keeper, then why is she here?

"Of course!" she exclaims.

"Okay. Let's get going," I command.

Chapter 6 by Audrey 🎵



And so there we were, standing in a thick, dense forest. I don't know where to go, or even what the trees do. Do they sway? Do they speak just like they do in Halön, my home?

The little girl tugs on my wrist. "Come. See more of Story Wars. Anyway, I'd like to see what a sister is like. In Halön, we have sisters. I wish I had one. Story Keepers are only children."

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We race through the woods like we'll die if we stop. I feel fine, but the girl is sweating like a dog. I motion to a rock a few yards away, but she shakes her frizzy hair.

"Got to keep...keep going..." she pants.

Fortunately, it wasn't too far after that. The trees parted to reveal a small, squat little cottage with smoke coming out of the chimney. The girl knocks down the door easily with her body, even with her skinny frame. I'm amazed. Maybe she isn't as helpless as I thought.

When the dust settles, a household is visible. Dirty dishes lay by the sink. Oatmeal, still warm, is bubbling in a clay pot. The fire is dying, bit by bit. But there was something odd about the whole space. A spoon was placed haphazardly on the floor as if someone had dropped it. The table was far away from the chair, as if it had been pulled away for no reason.

An open book.

And all at once I know what had happened.

The girl's sister was sucked into Halön.

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8 (1 draft)

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